

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



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MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

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Thirty Take Perpetual Vows for the African Missions

WE TAKE pleasure in announcing to our friends that our Postulate at Metuchen, New Jersey, was the scene of a very impressive ceremony.

Of the thirty nuns taking Perpetual Vows in the Congregation at the Mass on Sunday, October 27th, Feast of Christ the King, two Sisters pronounced their final vows at Metuchen and one member renewed her temporary vows.

Sister Mary Leonce from Manchaug, Mass., and Sister Thomas More from South Orange, N. J., were the elect of the day.

The celebrant on this happy occasion was the Right Reverend Monsignor Peter J. Hart, M.R., V.F., Pastor of St. Peter's Church, New Brunswick, who was assisted by Reverend R. McCoy, White Father of Africa. The latter preached the White Sisters' annual retreat.

The sermon was delivered by the Right Reverend Monsignor Hart, who developed the text: "You have not chosen Me; but I have chosen you; that you should go

and bring forth fruit, and your fruit shall remain." (St. John, XV, 16.)

Monsignor encouraged the elect of the day by mentioning that they were called to be the agent of Christ, chosen to continue His great work of saving souls. He also added that the harder the vocation and labor, the greater the reward. He congratulated the parents and his eloquent intimate sermon brought joy into their hearts.

Assisting at the ceremony were the Reverend Donovan, O.P., and Reverend J. Foley, Pastor of St. Francis Church, Metuchen, who despite their many activities of day honored us by their presence.

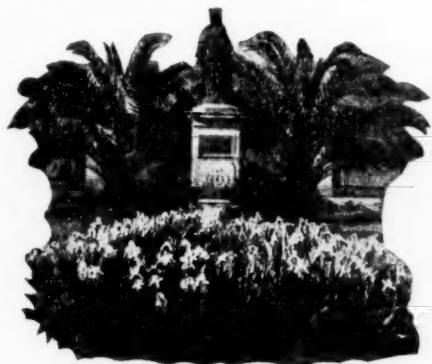
This happy event also marked the entrance of one more candidate. May God inspire many other young ladies to work for the salvation of souls.

Due to the very limited space in our Chapel, we sincerely regret being unable to invite our many friends at this ceremony.

This Virgin stands in the inner court of the Motherhouse at St. Charles in Algeria, North Africa. Engraved on its base is:

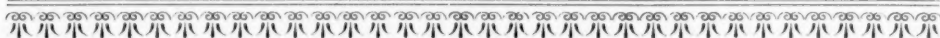
1885

It was erected on a Vow made by Venerable Mother Mary Salome co-foundress and first Superior General.



It bears silent testimony of the filial trust and confidence of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa in Mary's maternal watchfulness and protection when the storm-tossed little bark of the new Institute seemed doomed to dissolution.

MAGNIFICAT . . .



**A Blessed and Merry Christmas
to All Friends of Our Lady of Africa Missions.**

Christmas in Kabylia

Sister M. St. Godard, W. S.

DECEMBER 1st is greeted with joy "at home." Our little girls ranging from four to eight are wide awake to life all around them, while their pure voices sing of perpetual happiness.

— "December! it is the month of Christmas. Is it Christmas to-morrow?"

— "Oh not so soon, there are still twenty-five days."

— "That is much, twenty-five days, Sister."

— "Yes, there is enough time to make a good preparation for such a great feast."

We immediately set to work. Votes are taken on the following proposition.

— "How would you like to start right now to prepare the Crib for Baby Jesus. Each sacrifice made would buy a straw which you would keep very carefully until Christmas, then you would have a sheaf to line the Divine Babe's Crib."

The idea was adopted wholeheartedly and there reigned the greatest ambition for sacrifices. The eldest of our girls means to hold the first place here too. She is very serious about it, regularly every night she is seen taking up the account of the straws her sacrifices deserve.

I washed the dishes and swept the porch. Ther. I made the bed of a small one and helped another to dress. I said my prayers well. In school I applied myself to writing and reading well. I did not slap any of the younger ones.

(One must know that this act of virtue is meritorious for a Kabyle girl, here, to slap is to affirm one's superiority.)

That evening eight straws are added to the swelling sheaf.

Days pass and the feast draws close, while the thought of it grows more and more real.

One morning our children declare they have all prayed in bed, before going to sleep.

— "What prayer did you say?"



— "I said, 'My God, help me to behave well in preparation for Christmas.'"

At last Christmas morn dawned and was greeted with cries of joy. In the wink of an eye everyone is ready.

A stop at the Chapel before the Crib where they sing, "Lovely Infant."

From there everyone makes for the fireplace. What emotion, many had never seen the like before. It is a general explosion of joy. And best of it all a surprise is announced for the evening.

In the afternoon we pay a visit to the Crib at Church, it is surely more appreciated than any outing. There is a new attraction, each one drops a coin in the purse of an angel that nods and plays some Christmas Carols. Quite a marvel!

But curiosity is growing keen, what can be the surprise announced this morning?

Patience we are on our way home: the door opens, our eyes perceive lights. What is this?

A Christmas tree, a real one, all decorated, balls, tinsels, icicles, and all lit up. What a discovery, the branches are laden with oranges, candy, toys . . . Indeed, eyes are not wide enough to take all the beauty in.

The scale mounts high with joy: laughing, jumping, dancing, clapping!

However Christmas holds for our little ones the revelation of another happiness, mysterious, one quite new to them: there is even more joy in giving than in receiving.

At the sight of their treasures, spontaneously they think of the misery of the poor little ones they have seen coming to the dispensary.

Each one sets aside a share for these, the less fortunate: a mandarin-orange, a caramel, a chocolate, even a toy will bear the good tiding to one of the poor huts: "Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

The feast is over now - but what about good behavior? A look at the Crib will tell its tale. In exchange for the straw the Infant Jesus has given each one a lamb. It stands at a certain distance from the Crib and bears around the neck the name of its owner. According to what the day has been it takes a step forward - it may

(Please turn to page 144)

Why She Loved Flowers

Sister Leonardus was having a much needed rest at Mangu. As a White Sister's mind is inclined to go wool gathering when it has nothing to think about, Sister Leonardus related a few charming anecdotes of her pupils in Villa Maria, Uganda.

SHE WAS a dark eyed little lady, as they all are in Africa, dark eyed, thin, hungry-looking; and she was five. I don't know how or where I met her but she seemed to follow me as a shadow does on a moon-lit night.

"What is your name?" I asked, looking down in her deep, dark eyes, "and what do you want?"

"My name is Joannina, and I want - oh I want . . . a flower from your garden."

Strange request from a child of five. Had she asked for a banana, some maize, a sweet potato I wouldn't have been in the least surprised - but - a flower! Natives are not wont to be sentimental when their stomachs are empty. Taking her little face in my hands I asked her intently - "Are you sure a banana won't be better than a flower?" "Oh no," she replied wistfully. Maybe she began to regret the banana. "I only want a flower."

"Well then, here's a flower," and I plucked a huge blossom of yellow frangipani. "But mind you, I want you to come to the mission each morning for a bottle of milk. You are not big enough for your age."

Was it the milk or the prospect of more flowers that made her smile so radiantly? Children bear secrets which only angels know about. Many tales of hidden grief are locked in their little bosoms and the key of kindness alone is able to draw it out. Joannina was certainly a quaint little creature with her passionate love for flowers.

At eight sharp, the next morning, Joannina was there, leading her little brother by the arm. He seemed to be more practical minded than his sister and knew the difference between milk and flowers. While Thomasi concentrated on the milk bottle, Joannina contemplated the flowers, with eyes of longing. Was I entertaining a poet unaware? Was she made of the same nature as Wordsworth whose "heart danced" at the sight of daffodils?

This went on for a year. Every morning Thomasi drank his milk and Joannina

carried home a flower. She did not talk much but I gathered that her father was out of work and consequently the little family of six was in straightened means; but they were good practising Catholics and always very grateful for the milk and medicines we gave them.

One morning I said to Joannina - "Today is the feast of your patron saint," and placing before her a huge orange, a handful of monkey nuts, a big picture of St. John the Baptist, and of course a small bunch of flowers, "Now choose whatever you like."

Again the same wistful look at the orange, the monkey nuts, the picture - the same struggle within and finally - a beautiful smile and she chose the flowers.

(Please turn to page 145)



THERE IS MARYAMOU, that poor creature dragging herself along the ground with her elbows. She has no hands, nor feet beyond the heels. She is old, and so ugly in her disfigurement that at the sight of her, one has to restrain a natural movement of horror. Her face is swollen, her eyes run continually, her nose is eaten away and the mouth twisted to a grin.

Nevertheless Almighty God looking at the soul rather than the body, sees rare beauty in Maryamou. She has suffered so much and so well, and this is the soul's finest ornament.

Maryamou was baptized many years ago. Every Sunday she drags herself to church. Sometimes the priest giving Communion has to bend very low . . . that is to give the Sacred Host to the leper woman huddled against the altar step.

Maryamou sees no necessity for confession: "What should I say? I never commit a sin." It is true. Once and for all this poor Samaritan revealed the unhappy story of her former life. Since then, there has been nothing to tell.

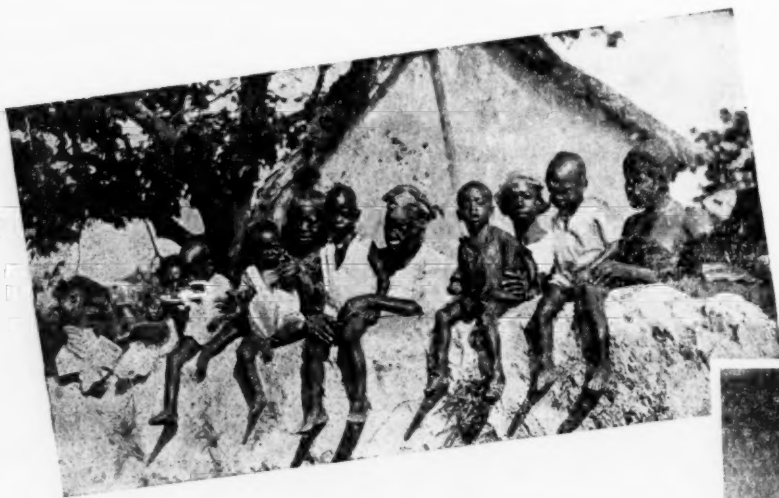
MARYAMOU A Leper

Sometimes she has little quarrels with the other patients who come to the dispensary but she always says: "It is their fault, I am at home here."

To go to church Maryamou has to pass through the convent grounds. In front of the verandah she stops to call out her greetings in a hoarse voice. On the way back there is generally some good reason to stop again.

One Sunday she remained longer than usual. "Do you want anything, Maryamou?"

"Oh! no." She was clasping a blanket that Mother Superior had recently given her: "A ni tyel! A barka! A barka," she called to everyone she saw. Among the Bambara, courtesy demands that thanks be expressed not only to the donor but to everyone in the house.



Children of
Leper Parents

On the African Missions, the White Sisters have charge of:
9 organized Leper Colonies
1,935 Patients received regular injection treatments from
July 1938 to 1939

Leprosy is such a widespread disease in Africa that the care of all these cases is not restricted to the colonies alone, many lepers are daily attended to in all our dispensaries.

\$2 a month will support a Leper in a Hut.



MARYAMOU

the Leper Woman

When dressings are to be done and medicines given out, Maryamou is always at hand. Every morning sitting under a tree she watches the proceedings. Beside her is a pile of stones, and as each patient is cared for, Maryamou knocks off a stone with her stumps, making a second pile to represent the patients cared for by Sister.

In the afternoon, when the dispensary is closed Maryamou likes to make herself useful. With a bundle of dried grass between her stumps she crawls around the yard and up the paths, sweeping till all is tidy.

She often foretells her end. It seems so many many months since the implacable malady began to devour her body inch by inch and still she lingers suffering. Sometimes the child who carries food to

her humble shelter runs back to report: "Maryamou cannot eat." The crisis passes again — but death leaving her behind strikes Maryamou's greatest benefactor.

For more than twenty years the Sister Infirmarian has labored unstintingly for her beloved Blacks, giving no thought to herself and her own needs. Almighty God thinks of her, and takes her suddenly to the long rest of Heaven. In the Mission Cemetery another white cross is raised, bearing the name of the Sister so dearly loved by Maryamou.

The leper woman assures us that she will soon follow. Attacked by terrible pains she keeps murmuring: "My God, forgive my sins, as I forgive all those who have wronged me!"

In her long life of misery she must have encountered much unkindness, met with many rebuffs, she forgives all to obtain forgiveness.

One night, at last, her soul left its earthly prison: the pitiful, mutilated body in which it has languished so long. Oh! what must be the joys of Paradise for such as Maryamou! Who would not long to obtain them for all the poor lepers.

SCENES FROM A LEPER SETTLEMENT IN THE SUDAN:

n of
rents

Priest Offering
Holy Mass in the Lepers' Chapel



Old Leper Woman
Praying for Benefactors

Rules of Civility From Tanganyika

HOW and WHEN to Greet:

Good morning - good afternoon - or good evening! Uniformly comes to YAM-BO. It is to be noted that the salutation here is most important.

* * * * *

A little girl of six comes to school at mid-class.

Sister: "Again late, Anna, and you live near by!"

— "Good morning, 'Mama', no, 'Mama', I live yonder at auntie's.

* * * * *

Another time at the dispensary.

Sister: "Mary, how is your baby?"

— "Good morning, 'Mama' (drawing her son closer), say 'Yambo, Mama' . . . He is coming along fine."

* * * * *

However to greet a person once holds good for the whole day. I advise you not to insult anyone as I did the other day.

"Why Agnesi you don't know the Sisters anymore?"

Agnesi shocked: "'Mama', haven't I said 'Yambo' this morning. There is no sense in repeating it."

* * * * *

THANKS

The Natives usually thank like the Europeans, but there are some exceptions. When you give anything to a child he always presents his two hands wide open the two little fingers touching one another though it may be only a quinine pill or a pinch of salt (a most appreciated goody in this country).

* * * * *

When one brings back a borrowed article the owner needs not say thank you: One day a sick woman brought back a dispensary cup. I said thank you. She just couldn't help laughing at my ignorance and explained: "Why thank me? Isn't it your own cup?"

* * * * *

Once I received a gift of native home



Sister giving injection to a leper.

brew for our children. When the jug was empty I told Mary, one of the big girls to wash it so that Elizabethi could take it back whenever she called. A few days later Elizabethi was there but to my confusion the jug was still dirty.

Mary deserved a scolding for her lack of care. Being aware of the fact she quickly explained that, at home, cleaning a recipient in which one has received a gift means that one does not care for it, and wants no more.

Sister M. St. Denis, W. S.

CHRISTMAS IN KABYLIA

(Concluded from page 140)

stand still — or take a step backward.

Who will reach the goal first. It is surely as exciting a tournament as the best of horse races.

Moreover the efforts of the last four weeks have not been in vain and results worthwhile mentioning abroad.

Surely our little Kabyles have their faults but they are generous and undoubtedly the Infant Jesus will bless them. He may, too, grant them special graces in response to some fervent fraternal prayers and sacrifices of yours, dear American children, oh! do be generous! You know, the Divine Babe cannot but listen to the supplications of a pure heart.

Doings of the Guilds

JERSEY CITY, N. J. — The members of the Club although it was vacation understood that there was no relapse for the Missions and that needs are becoming more urgent than ever. Faithfully they brought in their dues which have given a more substantial amount than for the past several months — New members are coming and the senior members are as staunch as ever. God bless each and every one and faithful perseverance to all.

* * * * *

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J. — Despite illness which has visited the home of the President of this Mission Guild efforts have been made to help the works of the Mission. Our zealous promoters have brought in the dues, may we ask each member to co-operate wholeheartedly in the new enterprise and help our promoters by trying to bring in new members. Who misses this mite? The needs are numerous in the Congregation at the present day. Remember God will not let himself be outdone in generosity.

* * * * *

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. — The Catholic Daughters of America have been faithful to us by contributing their annual food shower, which proved to be one of the most successful we ever had. — What a help in these needy days. God will reward you and we appreciate your generosity.

* * * * *

VERNON, N. Y. — This little Mission Club is ever so faithful in sending their help, though they are few, great work is being accomplished. News reached us that some members desire to drop off — oh it is not in the thickest we drop off. — *Mc* we have hopes that they will be back with us sharing in the spiritual advantages of those who give to Christ's needy and having the joy of offering a sacrifice to bring peace to poor souls.

* * * * *

HARTFORD, CONN. — We are pleased to announce that our President has resumed her daily routine of life after having had a serious accident. This little Mission band is very active in sending medical and useful articles for the Missions. Dues are sent in. May we ask many friends to join in with our President, Miss McSweeney and make a real success of the undertaking.

* * * * *

LOWELL, MASS. — The members will be having a meeting where we trust the promoters will meet with much cooperation and generosity on the part of the members — Sacrifices will be greatly rewarded. So we hope to have encouraging news of your future plans.

Dear Guild Members, more than ever your mite is appreciated and needed in the Missions and for their maintenance. The Missions look to U. S. A. during this Crisis — We look to you, our very dear and loyal friends, to back us —. Please do not fail us.

WHY SHE LOVED FLOWERS

(Concluded from page 141)

If she were sixteen instead of six I would have been slightly suspicious but she was as innocent as any child could be.

The following week I was to know her precious secret. Coming late to the Mission I saw Joannina actually stealing flowers from the garden. "Didn't I tell you not to take any flowers without permission?" I reprimanded, somewhat sternly. She burst into tears. — "Come now! You know very well you shouldn't have taken them. And now tell me, what do you do with all the flowers you carry home with you?"

"Mama," and the whole story came out between sobs, — "Mama, I've got a picture of Jesus at home, and the Baby wants flowers — I love to arrange a little altar for Him and then the Baby is happy."

The Child wanted flowers! He was happy with her gifts! I took the little down-cast head in my hands and then I understood that the Child might ask for something more than a flower in His own good time.

From that day on I prepared her for her first Communion. It was an easy task — she knew so much about Jesus already. She made her first Communion on the 28th of March, 1940, with many other little angels of her own age. "Well, Joannina, do you want any flowers for your Infant Jesus, this morning?" I asked when the ceremony was over. I expected her to ravage the whole garden today — but children are queer individuals. "No, Mama," she answered quietly, "not today. I gave Him my heart and He seemed to be quite satisfied."

Her little soul was certainly more beautiful than all the blossoms in Solomon's garden. No wonder that the Child was satisfied.

Sister M. Monica, W. S.
on Mission at Mombasa, Kenya

FROM A MITE TO A CHALICE

Please save your old silver or golden jewelry, relics and trinkets which are hoarded away and they shall be changed into a lovely chalice.

Your small sacrifice shall give you the grace to participate in the Sacrifice of sacrifices — the Mass.

STAMPS

Tear them from your envelope with a little margin of the paper. As soon as you have a few pounds, mail them to

WHITE SISTERS CONVENT
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey

Guy de Fontgalland

By L. L. McReavy, M.A.

IN THE July of 1924, the Count and Countess de Fontgalland took their two boys to Lourdes. Guy was in his seventh heaven. Like a good pilgrim he drank of the miraculous water, bought a flagon of it to take back to Paris, paid his visits to the Basilica, and climbed on his knees up the rugged Way of the Cross. Two days in succession he had the joy of receiving Holy Communion at the Grotto. He was loth to break off from thanksgiving. "Not yet, mamma," he whispered, when she indicated that it was time to go, "not yet." And only when he had relished the full sweetness of his Lord, did he turn and say: "All right now," and make ready to depart.

The Grotto was from the first, and remained throughout, an inexhaustible at-



traction. Time and time again did he wander off alone to continue his heart-to-heart conversation with his "Heavenly Mamma," and the sheer joy of them radiated from his shining eyes on his return.

Finally came the eve of their departure. Every moment was precious now, and so, when the others rose to go, Guy remained on his knees before the Grotto, learning the endless lesson of the Hail Mary. Slowly and devoutly he prayed, his eyes fixed on the niche in the rock. And then somehow, the rock, and the candles, and the pilgrims around him, seemed to lose reality. He was in another world; and a voice from that other world was making itself heard in the innermost sanctuary of his heart, a voice not unlike that which had broken in on his prayer three years before, when he had knelt for the first time in the embrace of his Lord, but that this time it was the voice of his Lady. And it said:

"My dear little Guy, I shall come to take you soon. I shall come to seek you on a Saturday, in the arms of your Mamma, to bear you straight to Heaven."

(To be continued)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

- Junior Crusaders, St. Mary's Academy, Milwaukee, Wis. - 2 babies
- St. Francis Xavier School, Waterbury, Conn. - 7 babies
- Miss J. Koenigsnecht, Fowler, Mich.
- Most Holy Trinity Convent, Fowler, Mich. - 2 babies
- Sacred Heart School, Massena, N. Y. - 3 babies
- Mrs. B. A. Walsh, Syracuse, N. Y.

TO SUPPORT THE LEPERS

- Miss M. Monaghan, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada
- Mrs. G. B. Yale, Glendale, Calif.

TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

- Mr. M. Walsh, Barbeton, Ohio
- Mrs. S. T. Banis, Gary, Ind.
- M— A. Heiner, Buffalo, N. Y.

PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

- Miss M. M. Santori

FOR A SANCTUARY LAMP

- Miss M. L. Holihan, Saginaw, Mich.
- Miss S. T. Banis, Gary, Ind.

OBITUARY

- Rev. J. W. McGrath, Pittsfield, Mass.
- Mother M. Felicite, W.S., El Golea, Sahara
- Sr. M. de la Passion, W.S., St. Charles, Algeria
- Sr. M. St. Gohart, W.S., St. Charles, Algeria
- Mother M. St. Hilaire, W.S., Ukerewe, Tanganyika
- Sr. M. St. Anna, W.S., St. Charles, Algeria
- Rev. Mother Angela, O.S.U., Louisville
- Rev. Sister M. Eustelle, Charity Sister, Hoboken, N. J.
- Mrs. M. Cahill Cushing, Boston, Mass. (Mother of Most Rev. R. J. Cushing)
- Miss A. Crave, New York, N. Y.
- Miss Fitzgerald, Hartford, Conn. (Guild Member)
- Mrs. L. P. Vincent, Lowell, Mass. (Guild Member)
- Mr. D. Rowland, Jersey City, N. J.
- Mrs. M. T. Herford, Kearny, N. J.
- Mrs. Dorsey, Metuchen, N. J.

Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

ALGERIA

Mother House
Algiers 4 missions
Ain-el-Arba
Attafs
Birkadem
Birmandries
El-Affroun
Maison Carree
Rivet

TUNISIA

Bizerte
Carthage
Kairouan
La Marsa
Thibar 2 missions
Tunis
Tunis Sidi Brahim

ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou
Beni-Mengallet 2 missions
Beni-Yenni
Bou-Nouh
Djemaa-Saharidj
Iril-Ali
Oued' hias
Oued-Aissi
Taguemount-Azouz
Tizi-Ouzou

SAHARA

Ain-Sefra
Biskra 2 missions
El-Golea
Ghardaia
Geryville
Laghouat 2 missions
Ouargla
Touggourt

GOLD COAST

Navrongo

FRENCH WEST AFRICA UGANDA

Bamako 2 missions
Bodo-Dioulasso
Kita
Koupela
Mandyakuy
Ouagadougou 2 missions
Toma
Samoe
Segou

Bwanda
Hoima
Kisubi
Nkozi
Rubaga
Toro
Villa Maria

RHODESIA

Cilubi
Cilubula 2 missions
Ipusikiro
Kayambi
Lubwe
Minga

BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions
Baudoinville
Bobandana
Bunya
Costermanville
Kamisuku
Kasongo
Katana
La Fomulac
Logo
Loulenga
Mpala
Boukeye

RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida
Issavi 2 missions
Kabgaye
Katara
Muguera
Muyaga
Nyondo
Rushubi
Rwasa
Usumbura
Zaza

KENYA COLONY

Mangu
Mombasa

NYASSALAND

Bembeke
Kachebere
Mua
Ntakataka

TANGANYKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi
Kagondo
Kala
Kate
Karema
Kigoma
Kisa
Mary Hill
Mbulu
Mugana
Mwansa
Mwazzie
Ndala
Ujiji
Ukerewe
Ushirombo
Sumwe
Tabora
Zimba

In these 118 missions the White Sisters conduct 37 hospitals, 29 Maternity Hospitals, 44 Baby Welfare Centers, 98 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 57 workrooms, 111 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 15 native Novitiates.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

Would you not like to help in their works and share their merits?

See inside of front cover.



Pray - Yes, We Pray Daily For You

DEAR and POOR chubby little TOTS.

They arrived under-nourished — half-dressed — dirty.
Your CHARITY transformed them to healthy babes.

MILLIONS more are extending their little hands to you.

HAVE YOU THE HEART TO REFUSE? ... CERTAINLY NOT!!

The Christ Child GIVES to you.

Out of Gratitude PLEASE fill in this SLIP or stocking
with your DONATION and return it for the WHITE SISTERS'
POOR and HUNGRY.

For MY XMAS GIFT TO THE CHRIST CHILD
CHRIST'S
own Name _____
ORPHANS Address _____



